

DAVID JONES; or, WINE AND WORSTED.

Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh
Whose cousin was the Lord knows
who,

Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
David, well stored with classic know-
ledge,

Was sent betimes to Jesus College;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year;
And Jones was deemed another Cræsus
Among the Commoners of Jesus.
It boots not here to quote tradition
In proofs of David's erudition;—
He could unfold the mystery high
Of Paulo-posts, and Verbs in *plu*;
Scan Virgil, and, in mathematics,
Prove that straight lines were not qua-
dratics;

All Oxford hall'd the youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welchmen cried "Cot
bless us!"

It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria
due,

And from his erudite relation
Receiv'd a written invitation.

Hugh to the College gate repair'd,
And ask'd for Jones;—the Porter
stared;

"Jones! Sir," quoth he, "discrimi-
nate,

Of Mr. Joneses there be eight."

"Aye, but, 'tis David Jones," quoth
Hugh;

Quoth Porter, "We've six Davids too."
"Cot's flesh!" cries Morgan, "cease
your mockings,

My David Jones wears worsted stock-
ings!"

Quoth Porter, "Which it is, Heaven
knows,

For all the eight wear worsted hose."

"My Cot!" says Hugh, "I'm ask'd
to dine

With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."

"That one word 'wine' is worth a
dozen,"

Quoth Porter, "now I know your
cousin;

The wine has stood you, Sir, in more
stead

Than David, or the hose of worsted;—

You'll find your friend at number nine—

We've but one Jones that quaffs his
wine."

30 CARGEN WATER.

Nae mair in Cargen's woody glens;
And rocky streams I'll lonely stray
Or where, meand'ring through the
plains,

It winds among the meadows gay:
Nae mair, slow wand'ring down its
side,

The sweet primroses I will pu';
Nae mair among the hazels hide,
And bid the noisy world adieu.

Nae mair beneath the spreading trees
That shade its banks I'll roam along,
To hear, soft swelling on the breeze,

The Linnet tune its sweetest song:
Nae mair, when gloamin' hides the hill,
And thick'ning shades invade the
glen,

I'll hear its murmurs, slow and still,
Far frae the busy haunts of men.

Nae mair wi' gamesome youthfu' glee,
I'll sport yon lofty woods among;
Or view the distant swelling sea,

Its foaming surges sweep along.

Though distant far I lonely stray,
And heavy griefs my bosom swell,
On these fair scenes of life's young
day

Yet memory fondly loves to dwell!

ORIGIN OF "CUTTING YOU OFF WITH A SHILLING."

For the Mirror.

The Romans were wont to set aside testaments, as being *inofficiosa*, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited or totally passed by (without assigning a true and sufficient reason) any of the children of the testator. But in the child had any legacy, though ever so small, it was a proof that the testator had not lost his reason nor his memory, which otherwise the law presumed. Hence, probably, says Blackstone, has arisen that groundless vulgar error, of the necessity of leaving the heir a shilling, or some other express legacy, in order to effectually disinherit him; whereas the law of England, though the heir or next of kin be totally omitted, admits no *querela inofficiosa*, to set aside such testament.—See *Blackstone and Burn*.

P. T. W.

CURIOUS EPITAPH IN PLYMOUTH OLD CHURCH.

Here lies the body of
Thomas Vernon,
The only *surviving* son
of
Admiral Vernon.